OPENING THE SKY FOR PEACF *by Sir Victor Goddard*

THE
NATION

JANUARY 12, 1957 . . 25c

by James Morris

NASSER: PHARAOH IN SHIRTSLEEVES

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LETTERS

Middle East Proposals

Dear Sirs: I present the following program for world policy in the Middle East in the hope that it will stimulate other, and perhaps better informed, persons to express themselves on this important problem:

1. *A developmental program for the Middle East.* A U.N. commission should be established to carry on a developmental program for the region. It should have a substantial budget, say $1 billion per year for at least ten years. Its aims would include: a) increasing water resources; b) aiding agriculture; c) improving transportation and communication facilities; d) assisting in the growth of modern industry; and e) expanding educational facilities at all levels.

2. *National independence.* A necessary premise of a developmental program is the national independence of the peoples in the region. Any remaining foreign political or military control should go. An important related aspect would be a settlement with Israel by her neighbors.

3. *The question of participation.* The nations in the region would participate fully, of course, in shaping a U.N. program. There would surely be strong world moral pressure on these nations to participate. The attractiveness of the program and assurances of sovereignty would certainly generate support among the Middle East peoples. Further, an essential provision of the U.N. program would be that there be substantial representation from the region at all levels of its operation.

4. *Financing.* The cost of financing must fall on the more developed nations. Such cost is piddling compared to the benefits in lowered armament expenditures, the lack of interruption of, and security in, trade with and through the Middle East, and the growth of a market for foreign goods as incomes rise in this region.

5. *Oil.* All oil held by outside interests should be temporarily taken over by the U.N. Payment should be made to the present owners, probably on the basis of investment costs. It should be possible to arrange a long-term bonding of the amount since the oil deposits are a sound asset. U.N. control would be temporary, to achieve certain purposes before the industry is handed over to local control. These purposes would include: a) the training of local personnel to administer all phases of the production and distribution of oil; and b) reassurance during the initial period that the supply of oil will be maintained. With respect to the latter, it should become clear that the U.N. program would be the best guarantee of a stable and expanding supply of oil to the users in Western Europe.

Further, if the income from oil (under U.N. and later under local operation) is as large as it has been, this might make it possible for the area to pay for part of the development program.

How realistic my purposes are, I do not know. But I believe that people of good will in the world must think about these matters in concrete terms. Cannot there be discussion of the problem through available journals of opinion, based on the recognition of a common humanity and the need to think and act together in some manner?

BENJAMIN SOLOMON

Chicago, Illinois

Covering Connecticut

Dear Sirs: This letter falls into the category of what *The New Yorker* likes to call its department of amplification. In an article in *The Nation* of December 1 on capital punishment, you make the following point: "The Hartford *Courant*, Connecticut's only newspaper with any real statewide circulation . . ." While this statement may be true for daily newspapers, I should like to point out that the Sunday *Herald* with its state editions covers the entire state of Connecticut and actually is the only paper that is specifically edited for that purpose.

FRED M. HECHINGER

Bridgeport, Conn.

D. H. Lawrence Fellowship

Dear Sirs: The University of New Mexico seeks help for the establishment of an annual D .H. Lawrence Fellowship in writing and art at the Lawrence ranch near Taos, New Mexico. As a first step, the University asked friends of Lawrence, and writers and critics familiar with his work, to serve as members of a sponsoring committee. The following have kindly granted their sanction and counsel: Richard Aldington, Dorothy Brett, Witter Bynner, Caresse Crosby, David Garnett, Aldous Huxley, Willard Johnson, Mabel Luhan, John Middleton Murry, F. R. Leavis, Harry T. Moore, Edward Nehls, Lawrence Clark Powell, Mark Schorer, Stephen Spender, Mark Spilka, William York Tindall and Diana Trilling.

The University has set aside facilities at the ranch. It seeks funds to provide the annual stipend needed for travel and subsistence, and will be grateful for contributions from those who respect the fame and achievement of Lawrence and who understand the continuing need of encouragement for writers and artists.

E. W. TEDLOCK, JR.
Chairman of the Local Committee
for the D. H. Lawrence Fellowship

Albuquerque, N. M.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Shame of the Senate

In 1906 David Graham Phillips titled a brilliant series of articles on the United States Senate, "The Treason of the Senate." If "treason" cannot fairly be applied to the Senate behavior in shelving the proposal to change the rule on filibuster, "shame" is entirely appropriate. On the most important domestic issue of the last decade, the Senate has failed to make a single significant contribution. As Southern Negroes and their white supporters have gone about the business of eliminating Jim Crow regulations with admirable spirit and courage, the Executive and Legislative branches of the government have done virtually nothing to support them. Both elective branches have been quite content to let the non-elective Supreme Court point the way to the future. The Senate's record on this issue is a miserable one and its shame is bipartisan. It appears—this is written before the vote on Senator Anderson's proposal—that fifteen Republicans will join with sixteen Democrats in supporting it and that a nearly equal number of Republicans and Democrats will oppose it. The liberals, Republican and Democratic, have convinced themselves that since the proposal "can't win anyway," they might as well make their peace with Senators Knowland and Johnson and "negotiate" for permission to bring one or two mild civil-rights measures to the floor. In the nature of legislative bodies, compromise is in order but it is shameful to see the Senate "pass" on the great historic issue of civil rights.

A Doctrine of Doctrines

This issue of *The Nation* will go to press before President Eisenhower delivers his special message to Congress on the Middle East. But we do not need to see the text to take strong exception to the "doctrine" approach in foreign policy. What the country needs is not another new doctrine but a doctrine of doctrines.

Consider, for example, the manner of presenting this latest doctrine. Without prior consultation with Congress, the Administration "leaked" word that a new policy was in the making and the news promptly preempted the headlines and dominated editorial pages from coast to coast and, no doubt, from Peiping to Paris. A week or more is time enough for such a proposal to win impressive public support if it is not challenged at the outset, but not enough time to permit an opposition party to caucus and agree on a line of action. By the time Mr. Dulles finally got around to conferring with Congressional leaders, the policy had been so widely publicized that there was little likelihood of its being successfully challenged even if it were debated. It is always more difficult to challenge a policy that has won wide acceptance than to debate its merits at the outset on equal terms.

By deciding to present the new doctrine at the busy opening session of the new Congress, the Administration further foreclosed the possibility of debate. Doctrines, of course, are resounding declarations to which no right-thinking legislator dares to take exception. Who wants to oppose a doctrine that would bar Soviet aggression in the Middle East? Inherently it is more difficult to debate the implications of a vague declaration than the consequences of a specific policy or program.

Reaction to the "doctrine" gimmick has become thoroughly predictable. The opposition—Republican or Democratic, it matters not—first makes loud and angry noises. The new doctrine is "certain" to meet with a "critical if not hostile" reception; it "teems with difficulties"; "a storm of protest" is blowing up. Long study and careful debate is inevitable. But in the second wave of reactions, the critical tone is invariably muted. Congressional leaders of both parties are reported to be "favorable," provided the new doctrine is assured "practical unanimity of acceptance." The prevailing attitude is characterized as "generally receptive though troubled." The third wave merely announces, *sotto voce*, that any thought of overt opposition has been abandoned. Once the initial noise has subsided the nation has been committed to a new line of action without debate, criticism or study, and each new departure is more momentous in its implications than the last.

Let it be acknowledged, however, that the doctrine approach is cunning. It sounds the theme for a grandiose public relations build-up. It coerces Congressional consent and silences the opposition. It compels the appropriation of large sums and gives the Executive a blank check on their expenditure. It provides a splendid shield under cover of which all sorts of activities may be carried on. It is a means of paralyzing public opinion by the familiar shock or crisis technique. The emergency is always grave, the time is invariably short. And it is

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an excellent means to cement fissures in the bipartisan structure which supports foreign policy. Congress never yields to the coercion of the latest doctrine until the opposition has been assured that support for it will be nearly unanimous.

Thus, just as the doctrine technique enables the Executive to force Congress to accept an equal responsibility with it for a new policy that has never been debated, so it provides bipartisan insurance against political retaliation. From a political point of view, the doctrine approach has obvious advantages, but it is a cowardly, inept and dangerous way to initiate important changes in foreign policy. In this instance, the new doctrine has a tinny ring to it; in practical terms it probably means little more than that Mr. Dulles has recovered from his operation and is, once again, up to his old tricks. But the consequences could be grave (see comments p. 31) and it is about time, in any case, that we put a stop to these recurrent political spectaculars.

Biggest Story of the Year

In historical perspective, it may be that the biggest story of 1956 was revealed on the last day of the year in the course of the generally sedate proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. (For an account of some fascinating, if peripheral, aspects of the session, see David Cort on page 32.) On December 31, the AAAS committee on the Social Aspects of Science submitted a report which began:

> . . . There is an impending crisis in the relationship between science and American society. This crisis is being generated by a basic disparity: At a time when decisive economic, political and social processes have become profoundly dependent upon science, the discipline has failed to attain its appropriate place in the management of public affairs.

There is more than an echo here of the humanist thesis developed in these pages three weeks ago in J. Bronowski's Science and Human Values. What the report seems to be saying is that while the scientist proposes, it is left to the politician to dispose. We do not here intend to argue whether this dilemma is best solved by making the politician more of a scientist or (as the writers of the report seem to imply) by making the scientist more of a politician. Whatever the solution, the dilemma is surely the basic and enduring one of our era, and today's headlines are merely its beguiling and transitory reflections.

The manifold aspects of the crisis, as the authors see it, are cogently presented in a series of conclusions which bring the dangers implicit in the situation home to the individual citizen:

> 1. We are witnessing an unprecedented growth in the scale and intensity of scientific work. Research has placed in human hands the power to influence the life of every person, in every part of the earth.
>
> 2. This growth has been stimulated by an intense demand for the practical products of research, especially for military and industrial use. Agencies which use the products of research are willing to provide financial support and other forms of encouragement for science, but show a natural tendency to favor those fields and aspects of science which most nearly relate to their needs.

In this connection, the report points out that of the estimated federal expenditures for research in 1957—approximately $2.5 billion—about 84 per cent is earmarked for matters related to national security. In general, says the report, applied research and development are heavily favored over basic science in financial support. In industrial research, the ratio is 97 to 3; in universities, about 50-50; in federal agencies (including support for research done elsewhere), 90 to 10. Moreover, the imbalance spills over into the specific sciences supported. In 1954, for instance, federal research support was divided as follows: physical sciences, 87 per cent; biological sciences, 11 per cent; social science, 2 per cent.

The results of this neglect of *basic* or *pure* science research are dramatically summarized in the following passage in the body of the report:

> The progress of basic science does not appear to be keeping pace with the development of applied science. Some observers even feel that there has been an absolute decline in the amount of highly creative research. . . . They point out that our present understanding of the structure of the atoms and molecules, and of the behavior of living cells, goes back to great illuminating propositions that are more than twenty-five years old.

We return now to the text of the conclusions:

> 3. . . . The effort to explain the nature of science is slight compared with the public attention now given to other less consequential areas of human activity. Interest in science as a career is so restricted as to cause a serious and worsening personnel problem.
>
> 4. . . . The present period of rapid, unplanned growth in research activities is precipitating critical difficulties in connection with the dissemination and analysis of scientific information.
>
> 5. The growth of science . . . has greatly improved the condition of human life, [but] it has also generated new hazards of unprecedented magnitude. These include: the dangers to life from widely disseminated radiation, the burden of man-made chemicals, fumes and smogs of unknown biological effects which we now absorb, large-scale deterioration of our natural resources and the potential of totally destructive war. The determination that scientific knowledge is to be used for human good, or for purposes of destruction, is in the control of social agencies. For such decisions, these agencies and ultimately

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the people themselves, need to be aware of the facts and the probable consequences of action. Here scientists can play a decisive role: They can bring the facts and their estimates of the results of proposed actions before the people.

In a peroration, the report says:

It is now six months since the radiation committee of the National Academy of Science issued a report that called for a series of immediate actions [on the dangers of radiation from H-bomb tests]. . . . There is no evidence that these urgent pleas . . . have yet met with any significant response. Clearly, this is a matter that requires the persistent attention of all scientists. It exemplifies the pressing need that scientists concern themselves with social action.

The sturdy and challenging tone of this remarkable document is an encouraging sign of the growing social consciousness of American scientists. The four authors of the report include a botanist, an anatomist, a biochemist and a scientific historian who is on the staff of the Industrial College of the United States Armed Forces.

Report from Washington

NEW DOCTRINES—OLD WINDMILLS

Washington

WE HOPE we aren't offending the golfer in the White House if we say he has badly sliced the Mideastern ball. His drive for stand-by powers to use American armed force in the Middle East has landed him in a sandpit, far off the fairway. The authority he is asking and will no doubt be given will enable him to intervene militarily if Russia attacks any country in the area. It will entitle him to send American troops if a Soviet-dominated nation commits aggression there.

We have yet to meet an informed diplomat — American or foreign — who believes the Soviets intend to attempt direct armed assault across their frontiers and beyond their orbit or deep in the Mediterranean basin. From Secretary Dulles up, down and sideways, nobody in authority in Washington thinks Moscow wants a world war. With or without the so-called Eisenhower Doctrine, or for that matter with or without the Baghdad Pact, a Russian invasion—say, of Iran—would embroil the United States, and Russia knows it.

High officials in the State Department are explaining the new doctrine's further military implication. They say, for instance, if Syria were to come under complete Soviet control, Iraq, Lebanon and Israel would be assured of U.S. support should the Syrians attack them. However, the same officials privately admit that if we were to become co-belligerents with one Arab nation against another, we would endanger the American stake in Mideastern oil and air-bases and incur the enmity of millions of Arabs and other Africans and Asians.

The Eisenhower Doctrine is powerless to halt the penetration of Soviet ideas. It will buttress—for how long?—the conservative regimes of Pakistan, Iran and Iraq and the corrupt, feudal lords of Saudi Arabia. The amorphous mass of forty-odd million Arabs will remain exposed to communism.

To sum up: We are making a move against a danger that doesn't exist because we don't know what to do about the danger that does exist.

A BALANCE sheet of the advantages and drawbacks of the Eisenhower Doctrine looks like this:

Plus. John Foster Dulles claims as one of his principal contributions to American foreign policy the practice of putting Russia on notice to avert a miscalculation that could precipitate war. This was probably Mr. Dulles's strongest talking point in selling the idea at the White House. Indeed, Mr. Eisenhower himself has declared that the first and second World Wars and the Korean War could have been prevented if America had made known its intentions in time. Now the Administration is applying this principle to the Mideast.

Secondly, the doctrine may achieve some of the results which might have been attained if the United States had signed the Baghdad Pact. On his visit to President Eisenhower, Pandit Nehru intimated his conviction that the United States would forfeit all the prestige it gained in Asia and Africa during the Suez crisis if we were to join the Baghdad bloc. The new move proclaims America's abiding interest in the area.

Minus. By rushing to fill the Anglo-French vacuum, the United States is handing Russia a luscious propaganda plum. Nor has Moscow been slow to declare that if a power vacuum exists in the area, the Arabs should fill it. The Egyptian government-owned newspaper *Al Goumhouria* has already echoed this sentiment and so has the Syrian ambassador to the United States.

The British were once shrewd. When George Canning, as Britain's foreign minister, suggested a joint Anglo-American declaration on the lines of the Monroe Doctrine, he wisely let the United States alone proclaim it and get the credit. Messrs. Eisenhower and Dulles might have taken a leaf out of Canning's book and left at least some crumbs for the Arabs instead of extending American protection to them without being invited to do so.

Proclamation of the Eisenhower Doctrine may undo some of the good that came of Jawaharlal Nehru's visit to the United States. The American move is likely to revive the feeling among Asians, Africans and others that military might is the spearhead of American policy. As peace-orchestra conductor, Mr. Eisenhower can do without war drums.

TO ALL this, it may be objected: "Well, what of the other side of the doctrine—increased American eco-

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nomic assistance for the Mideast?"

Now, a major motive behind the whole affair is undoubtedly the Administration's wish to squeeze more money out of Congress for military and economic aid to that area. To promote water power and other development throughout the Mideast is of course an excellent American aim. But we tend to lose sight of the fact that political rather than financial roadblocks are often the real problem. Capital is badly lacking in Egypt, Jordan and North Africa. On the other hand, oil royalties have been directing a torrent of dollars into Saudi Arabia, Iraq and Kuwait and, while the latter two put some of this wealth to civilized use, the feudal "elite" of Saudi Arabia just continues to enrich itself.

Like hydroelectric energy and irrigation, the predicament of the 900,000 Arab refugees from Palestine is less of a financial than a political perplexity. As with the Chinese, the Arab peoples are now so aroused and embittered against the West that they are far less prone to resist Russian than occidental influence.

Some allied diplomats have been suggesting that American aid funds are designed as the most telling answer to Communist subversion. Here they are not pointing mainly to the improvement in living conditions which such aid would facilitate and which is a long-range undertaking. Rather what they mean is that United States financial assistance can be an instrument of pressure. "For instance," said one of these diplomats, "the United States could tell Syria it would help finance the building of a dam on the Euphrates but would withdraw the offer if a pro-Communist government were installed in Damascus."

Cynical calculations like this ignore the fact that the time for such methods is past. One can no longer speak to the emerging nations of the Near East and Asia in those terms. These peoples demand that they be dealt with as equals, not as charity patients.

In seeking stand-by powers from Congress for American military action in the Mideast, President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles are placing overwhelming accent on the "Stop Russia" character of the concept. As long as they dwell on that theme, they are assured of a huge majority in Congress for the enabling act. This may also invite the antagonism of the uncommitted countries.

Among the aspects of the affair on which they are silent is this: The emergency power which the President is to receive will be entirely incapable of guaranteeing Middle East oil supplies for Western Europe. Events in November showed that Arab saboteurs and others cannot be prevented from blocking the Suez canal or exploding pipelines. They could also set fire to oil fields. The new authority with which Mr. Eisenhower is to be clothed will leave Western Europe at the mercy of people who overnight could cut off the flow of oil and paralyze our allies' industries and armed forces.

THOUSANDS OF SCIENTISTS . . *by David Cort*

THE HOTELS of midtown New York at the very end of 1956 were filled with the most valuable people in the United States (see *The Nation*, December 8) looking very distinguished, very odd or very average, attending the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

This 108-year old association of scientific societies fairly represents the pursuit of science in this country. The presidents used to be primarily geologists; now they are more likely to be biologists or physicists. They are still professors, but corporation executives have come to dominate the rest of the organization: Standard Oil, General Motors, Bell, RCA, Republic Aviation, Allied Chemical & Dye, IBM, Esso, General Electric, Owens Corning, Metropolitan Life Insurance, etc., etc.

There is no doubt that American scientists are busy accumulating data. The list of some 1,400 papers read at the meetings proves it. Here are a few: The Growth and Structure of Spontaneous Whiskers (a kind of fruit fungus), What Have We Learned From the Codling Moth?, Notes on the Head Glands of the Cockroach, The Deleterious Effects of DDT on the Oviposition and Egg Fertility of the Confused Flour Beetle, Population Characteristics of House Mice Living in English Grain Ricks, Supermarket Ecology, The Suburban Forest, A Simple Coordinate System for the Classification of the World's 3,000 Systems of Values, Round Houses in the Western Arctic (which way is West up there?), Criteria of Individuality in Teeth, The Merits of Round Bales and finally my favorite, which I did not hear, John Kieran's Fifty Years in a Swamp.

This list of comic turns is not offered entirely in ridicule. Such a meeting exhibits at its most useful the scientific genius for team-play, exchanging data, passing signals. It also parades the universal system of specialization. The guards can't run with the ball; the quarterback doesn't do any blocking; the shortstop isn't expected to hit home runs or the right fielder to catch fly-balls very well.

Of all this mass of data, some are irredeemably trivial, some may conceal immense truths; I was looking for people seriously engaged in the search for truth. General Electric, for example, came up with a new sort of magnet composed of aligned iron particles the size of a large molecule. Somebody asked a member of the "team" whether they had done any new thinking about the nature of gravity. "Certainly not," was the answer. "We're not interested in that at all." The answer may be that somebody else will be interested, and at such a meeting as this will learn about General Electric's odd discovery, which sounds largely ac-

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cidental, as was Alnice, the strange alloy which is more magnetic than iron. Yet the attitude is deplorable. The data is thrown up in the air, and one hopes it will land somewhere useful. But does it?

About fifty people came to a meeting on Prehistoric Asia and America —the Northern Route. The point of this paper was that similar or identical art-forms, as in pot decoration or axe-handles, means absolutely nothing as to cultural influences.

But that night about 300 people, mostly men of a prosperous look, showed up at a symposium on that Lewis Carroll science of cosmetology, which is by definition concerned with people's bad habits of wanting to look pretty. This is a science? The speakers, mostly dermatologists, were chiefly concerned with the ill effects of cosmetics, soaps and detergents on the human skin, but they did not offend any large corporation.

I NEXT went to a meeting on Values in Human Ecology. This would of course be a combined meeting of anthropologists and ecologists. Each speaker began by saying in more or less veiled terms that the previous speaker had indulged in unscientific generalizations and then proceeded to launch into even wilder generalizations. The worst offender in this regard was Margaret Mead, who advanced along her long, cool, quizzical campaign to make fools of the male sex, especially white—specializing on this occasion in the Australians and New Zealanders. My understanding of Margaret Mead's scale of values is that the best people in the world usually turn out to be brown-skinned females. Miss Mead, though her face in repose has the aspect of a New Guinea (Manus) idol, is a white woman. If she cannot like the people of her own kind, I am obliged to doubt her credentials, either scientific or unscientific, to like peoples of quite other kinds, or to understand them.

Miss Mead has great talent for thinking on her feet. I noticed that her use of scientific jargon was particularly impressive—with a rearing back of the head and a use of the hands like a boxer putting on his gloves. All right, Miss Mead, if you're finished with New Guinea, I'll go there.

Ecology seems to be a science drawn to socialism. Regarding mankind as merely mammals, it cannot help concluding that Man is no longer capable of individual self-sufficiency, yet must be ready to adapt himself instantly to all of the environments on the whole planet. Since the free-thinking individual man is the most valuable man society has produced, I am reluctant to bow to this theory of human ecology; and I believe that the best individual man is apt to love his home terrain.

Then I went to a meeting of meteorologists. A scientist contributed something true and important: The historical weather record, taken at six feet above the ground, is useless. The important record would be one taken two inches above the ground. The six-foot record shows a graph that is quite gradual; the two-inch record is cataclysmic. The differences between the two levels are 50 degrees F. in temperature, 50 per cent in humidity. Even the low-ground canopy of grass preserves heat, cold and moisture; access of wind and sun decreases them all. Higher canopies of shrubs and trees have the same effect. Hedges such as seen in England, France and Germany preserve ground moisture and keep a field cooler in summer and warmer in winter.

IN THIS random survey of the 1,400 subjects broached by the AAAS, I was drawn to one titled A Documentary Hoax, under the heading of criminal investigation. It turned out that this concerned an article in *Life* by Isaac Don Levine "proving" that Josef Stalin was a secret agent of the Okhrana secret police while conspiring to overthrow the Czar.

Since we are all agreed that Stalin was not a nice man, it would seem nominally good to call him every dirty name we know, such as double-agent. But every propaganda tyro knows that if you call a man a dirty name he can easily disprove, he is whitewashed of all his real crimes and vices. Therefore it is smarter to accuse a man, especially a dead man, only of crimes you can prove.

The Levine story in *Life* centered on a letter supposedly written by a Czarist police chief, Yeremin, on a Remington typewriter of the Cyrillic alphabet, in the year 1913. Martin Tytell, a typewriter expert, proved with slides that the typewriter was not a Remington but a German Adler, that this model was first manufactured in 1912, that it showed the wear of many years before the letter was typed, and that the signature was demonstrably not Yeremin's. A mournful note was in most faces as they witnessed this demolition of the authenticity of the letter by evidence which could not possibly be controverted.

Yet Levine rose to defend himself, in an imposing demonstration of courage or effrontery. He spent twenty minutes pleasantly saying that Stalin was a bad man and that any dirty name given him was good. He based his case on the proposition that if his story were untrue "you are dealing with an innocent Stalin." My comment on this theory of propaganda has already been given; and Levine's comment makes me wonder very intently about his ultimate objectives.

Finally Levine was roaring like a stuck pig. He had an idea, undocumented and unproved, that the Adler Cyrillic typewriter had been first produced in 1909, not 1912; that Yeremin had had two wholly disparate signatures (physically impossible), and so on. Levine dealt exclusively in lovely surmises; Tytell dealt exclusively in facts. *Life* dealt in—God knows what.

My conclusion from this debate was that a hoax had been perpetrated on the American people. Senator McCarthy will never look into the matter, but we must thank our stars for a Martin Tytell. I do not like being hoaxed, especially about Stalin.

Which part of it all was earth-shaking and which was trivial, I have no way of knowing. The question of whether this session of the AAAS added to our basic capital of pure science must be left unanswered here (see editorial comment, page 30).

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NASSER: PHARAOH IN SHIRTSLEEVES

by James Morris

London

TO THE LIBERAL Englishman, whether or not he sympathizes with his government's recent policies towards Egypt (as it happens, I do) there is a dream-like quality to recent events in the Middle East. Even from London there has been an air of wild unreality to the Suez adventure; and when I was in Port Said shortly after the landing, the scene had a positively nightmare flavor. There was the British Army engaged with determination in defying the unanimous disapproval of the United Nations. There were the reluctant reservists, the gentleman farmers, the people one attended school with, as cheerful and as ordinary as ever, but branded by the world as heartless aggressors. It felt like some awful hallucination; as if we would wake up one fine morning and wash the taste away with a cup of tea.

The most enigmatical figure of this disagreeable dream remains its focal figure, President Gamal Abdel Nasser of Egypt. Throughout the Suez drama he has remained hazily in the middle distance, dealing with affairs as it were by remote control, sometimes indeed almost forgotten in the passions of the world's debates. He remains, as always, all things to all men; and it may be many a long month before the analysts decide whether he has emerged with triumph from the Suez affair, or whether the debacle of his armies has irretrievably weakened his position either at home or abroad.

It will be longer still before the historians figure out just what manner of man he is; for there has perhaps never been a national leader on whom opinions are so startingly at odds. Is he a genuine benevolent progressive? Is he an ill-used Attaturk? Is he a megalomaniac? Is he a pocket Hitler? The world has still not made up its mind (and neither, perhaps, has Nasser). Eden can be pilloried for his part in the Suez adventure; Eisenhower can be pedestalled; but nobody quite knows whether to praise Nasser or to bury him.

LET us consider first the view that he is a champion of honest progressive nationalism, to be fostered rather than stifled. This is probably the opinion of most of those who have interviewed Nasser, for it is the role he projects for himself to Western audiences, and he is a man of undeniable personal attraction. Sensible liberalism oozes from his manner, as you will find if ever you chance to call upon him. No raving orator will greet you behind some big officious desk. Nasser will be in his shirtsleeves, his vest showing between the buttons, and he will talk pleasantly and intelligently for as long as you like. No tanks or guns will rumble past outside. No insolent sentry will hinder you. Nasser likes to call himself the first indigenous ruler of Egypt since the Pharaohs, and as you sit there sipping his coffee you may find something rather inspiring to the claim. "What a reasonable sort of man!" you will say to yourself. "How grossly the West has misjudged him!"

And what will he tell you? First, that all he wants for Egypt is peace and prosperity. Secondly, that all he wants for the Arabs is the removal of British influence and opportunity to progress towards unity. The West has constantly thwarted him, he will say with an air of letting bygones be bygones: by supporting the intruder state of Israel; by refusing him arms to defend Egypt against Israeli attacks; by setting up the Baghdad Pact, an obvious instrument to divide the Arabs and maintain Western hegemony in the Middle East; by withdrawing the offer to subsidize the High Dam at Aswan; and by trying to maintain alien control over the Suez Canal, an integral part of the Egyptian fatherland. Who could blame him if he acquired the arms he needed from Russia? Who could complain if he nationalized the canal, just as Britain had nationalized her railways?

The hours will slip by easily as he expounds these persuasive theories, compounded of understandable patriotism ("Sure, sure, Mr. President, we had a revolution too, that's perfectly correct") and kindly reproach ("Oh, of course, Colonel, nobody can deny you *that,* ha ha! We British don't pretend to be perfect!") The coffee cups will come and go, and when the President rises from his table to see you to the door, his sandals flip-flopping across the linoleum, you may well walk out into the night a warm believer in the liberalism of Colonel Nasser.

TAKE now the view of the other extreme—that Nasser is no more than a kind of small-scale Hitler. This is held more commonly, perhaps, in England than in the United States; for Britons believe with some justification that their national future is now at stake in the Middle East, just as in the 1930s it was held in balance between the impertinent fingers of *Der Fuehrer.* Those with cruel memories of Munich are the most vulnerable to this conception. *The Times,* which believes itself to have been mistaken in 1938, has gone so far to as drop Nasser's rank and title when referring to him in its editorials, and to call him simply by his surname, like a criminal or a national enemy. Sir Anthony Eden and his colleagues have obviously been influenced, in their approach to Nasser, by memories of those disastrous misconceptions at Berchtesgaden; and the honest Brit-

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ish public, never eager to hurl abuse, has been spurred to dislike of Nasser by the thought that he is yet another mischievous, malicious, second-rate Mussolini.

People of these views see Nasser as nothing but a cheap and vulgar political opportunist; a striker of hypocritical poses; just another shoddy bully who must be squashed before he can do the world some irrevocable harm. They believe him to be a man of unbridled personal ambition, who wishes to see himself the Caliph of all the Arabs or the ruler of a new Egyptian Empire stretching from the Atlantic to the Persian Gulf. His efforts to oust the British from the Middle East, they say, are only the preliminaries to the establishment of his own personal imperialism; and his reformist activities have been just a show, or perhaps a necessary sop to Egyptian opinion. Look at the wild frenzy of his political speeches, they say. Look at the irresponsible xenophobia of his propaganda. Look at the dubious character of many of his associates, the Nazi sympathies of some of his advisers, the sudden viciousness of his recent attitude toward Britons, Frenchmen and Jews. It's the same old story—we've seen it all before!

MY OWN feeling is that Nasser does not fit either of these opposing categories, but is something new among the world's political phenomena. He is, I think, a genuine product—at once a symbol and an inspiration—of the Bandung era. He is the first powerful indigenous spokesman of the Afro-Asian resurgence. Chou En-lai's dogmas come from Russia. Nehru is a product of the British Empire. Sukarno is little more than a cipher (however much he may charm the starry-eyes of Washington). But Nasser reflects to perfection the groping, half-grown, ill-read, eclectic nature of the Bandung philosophies. He is a through-and-through native Egyptian—as near as can be, a through-and-through Afro-Asian; and he sees his country preeminently as a link between those two rumbling continents.

It would be over-estimating the man, I think, to suppose that he has always seen himself as filling this precise role in history. He is not a man of vivid intellect, nor is he highly educated. He has progressed consistently towards his Afro-Asian ends (to begin with, the establishment of Cairo as a key to world power, and the eventual control of Middle East oil by the Arabs themselves). But he has done so, perhaps, more by instinct than by thought. He is a visionary: a man whose ideas are not rigidly crystallized by experience or education, but whose horizons are limitless. His revolution has not been cast to any one previous mold. He and his shrewd (but half-educated) colleagues have picked up conceptions here and there, now Facist or Communist, now Fabian or capitalist. Like the Bandung leaders in general, they are for the moment provincials; they are only beginning to devise some original attitudes from a hodge-podge of other people's ideas.

Only in fundamentals, then, have Nasser's policies been very consistent: for he is an instrument of history. He was born into the nationalist era; but he has reached his maturity at a time when nationalism has become inextricably confused with wider issues—with racialism, the new conflicts between Asia and the West, the older struggle between communism and democracy, with all that new restless energy that is associated with the name of Bandung. It has been his role to synthesize nationalism with a new movement—continentalism. He is a man who thinks naturally in big (if indistinct) symbols. The West thinks of the Isthmus of Suez as a channel between the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. Nasser has revived its

"OH, You Mean That *Salvage Job!"*

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historical function as a bridge between Asia and Africa.

Nasser once said that he was really the leader of two separate revolutions—the revolution against social misery and the revolution against imperialism. In the first months of his rule he concerned himself chiefly with the social revolution, thus capturing the loyalties of men of goodwill all over the world. He launched a sensible program of land reform. He did away with most of the corruption that had always tarnished (and, alas, enlivened) life in Egypt. He encouraged medical progress, schemes of social welfare, industrialization. He gave his blessing to the noble conception of the High Dam (noble, that is, to the layman: many of the experts disapprove of it). Most important of all, he gave the Egyptians new pride in themselves and their country and the will to achieve what their young leaders rather ominously called "a place in the sun."

BUT throughout his career he has made it clear, I think, that this first revolution was only the means to an end. His heart has always been in the second one—which he calls, in the jargon of the age, the revolution against imperialism. It is the place that Egypt must occupy in the world that has always concerned him most—and this has led him, through ill-charted channels of instinct, to a preoccupation with the future of the Arabs, of Islam, of Asia and Africa. Since he is thinking of ends before means, his has been an autocratic progress. General Naguib once remarked that Nasser was willing to antagonize everyone in Egypt, if need be, in pursuance of his objects. He has used without compunction many of the methods of totalitarianism. When he stood for the presidency (the only candidate) he was elected by a 99.9 percent vote. The new constitution he recently introduced is all but meaningless. When he announced not long ago that all his political opponents were to be released from prison, he was lying.

No, Nasser looks far beyond the perennial miseries of Egypt to the glittering opportunities beyond. He is obsessed by the idea of power: it is not prosperity that he offers his devotees, nor peace, nor even material progress, but power. One of his theses is that Egypt is uniquely qualified by geography to be the center of three overlapping circles of activity—the Arab circle, the Islamic circle and the African circle. Egypt's destiny, and his own duty, is to unite these three sources of potential power into one great force, the core of Afro-Asian development: and in his mind, I have little doubt, the ultimate prize is world power.

To achieve this he will, as he has already proved, stop at almost nothing. In his campaign to remove all traces of Western influence from the territories of his interest, his propaganda has employed every kind of scurrility, every sort of subversive maneuvers, almost every kind of deceit. He has shamelessly exploited the Israel grievance as a means of consolidating his leadership among the Arabs. He has convinced half the world that the Baghdad Pact is an imperialist trick, although I believe current events are showing all too clearly the vital need for a Middle East pact against Communist subversion and aggression. Whatever you may think of the Anglo-French action at Port Said, it is very difficult to defend Nasser's irresponsible blocking of the canal—except as a devious political maneuver.

BUT I am still not convinced that Nasser is seeking power simply for himself. He is a bigger man than that. He reflects an instinctive urge for power that is welling up in the hitherto powerless nations, and if his aspirations are vague—frighteningly vague, in some ways—they do not seem to me to include any shoddy passion for personal self-advancement. He is a dedicated man, a man who believes in destiny and the promises of fate. His personal private life, so far as anybody knows, remains blameless. He would be a much less formidable antagonist if there could be attached to his reputation some taint of the corrupt or the megalomaniacal.

For the West, though, Nasser offers two dangers, in my opinion. First, he represents the rising of a new power in world affairs—a power whose resources in manpower are far greater than ours, and whose technical abilities are advancing startlingly. Nothing could be more dangerous to the West, in the long run, than limitless ambition allied to the misty new concepts of continentalism. Secondly, he points to the more immediate danger—the possibility that communism will, for the moment, be able to capture as allies the energies of the Bandung peoples.

Here the enigma of Colonel Nasser is at its most nightmarish. A year ago, when he concluded his arms deal with Czechoslovakia, I asked him if he did not think he was playing with fire. He denied it breezily. Instinct, though, is not always proof against intelligence: nor is pride. It may be that Nasser, though he is now obviously serving the purposes of the Kremlin, still thinks he is working simply for his own visionary ends. Or it may be that, under the insidious influence of Mr. Shepilov, he has deliberately thrown in his lot with Russia. Whichever is true, I have little doubt about three things. First, Nasser is no benevolent liberal, nor even an Egyptian Attaturk: he is a dictator playing power politics. Secondly, he is no moth-eaten Mussolini: his concepts and ambitions far transcend the aims of petty nationalism, he displays (so far) no personal power-lust, and his aspirations are not simply cheap or tinsel. Thirdly, he is *au fond* anti-Western: he sees the West, not the forces of communism, as the principal obstacle to the advance of the Bandung bloc.

What should we do about him? Americans will of course decide for themselves whether to woo him or suppress him. But to many Englishmen—even those with a ready sympathy for the causes of Asian independence—it is apparent that Nasserism and its concomitants will one day spell the doom of the traditions and heritages we honor (for not all our heritages are Anglo-American). Some of us think we can exploit the inevitable: the rest of us hope to make the rearguard action a prolonged and a courageous one.

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OPENING THE SKY FOR PEACE . . *by Sir Victor Goddard*

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London

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S proposal at the "Summit Talks" at Geneva was that Russians should be free to take photographs of the United States in American airplanes, and that Americans should do the same over the USSR in Russian airplanes. The object was to reduce the risks of sudden attack from the air.

The new Kremlin counter-proposal is that the question of aerial reconnaissance should be considered (and linked with the early departure of foreign forces from European countries) only in an area 500 miles on either side of the line that divides Germany into East and West. This area does not, of course, include the United States and the USSR; it does include ten other countries; and it embraces the Eastern half of England where the Anglo-American strategic air forces are based, and most of the deployment area of the NATO air and land defenses of Northwestern Europe.

I was not surprised by the Eisenhower proposal. When I was representing the Royal Air Force in Washington, and there were questions of secrecy of weapons to be discussed, General Eisenhower made it clear that in his view secrecy was only a strength for the weak: it was a weakness for the strong. The history of the USSR has been largely a history of internal weakness. Hence its addiction to secrecy.

The questions I want to examine briefly are these: would it be a good thing that there should be a mutual aerial inspection of other countries? If there is aerial inspection, would it be a safeguard? In my view the answer in both cases could be "yes." I know that there is little or no present possibility of an international air reconnaissance force such as Kipling visualized sixty years ago in his futuristic story "As Easy as A.B.C." But how much trouble we might all have been saved if, a month ago, the world had known that in the Sinai Desert, close by the borders of Israel, there was already deployed an armored force of about two divisions and that they were deployed not in the defensive positions designed for the Egyptians by German military advisers, but in the typical alignments of an offensive force poised for attack? The world is entitled to have that sort of factual information: only by such means can it make sound judgments of what is what. That is the kind of thing that President Eisenhower was thinking of with his "open skies" proposal. That is the easiest kind of evidence for aerial supervision to provide.

AIR photography is an advanced technology: it is widely used for surveys of all kinds and, in the hands of experts, provides rapidly the most detailed information. Photography, in conjunction with radio techniques, has opened a new field in geophysical survey work. By air photography the secrets of nature and military secrets are exposed not so much by the discovery of objects as by the discovery of evidence. For instance, many years ago I took an aerial photograph of Stonehenge and showed it to an archeologist. He had told me that the mystery of how these great stones from Wales had got to the site of the ring could be partly explained: they could have been floated by sea and up the Avon. But how they got overland to the site from the bed of the Avon was unsolved. In fact my photograph showed lines which the eye could not see; and these gave evidence of a canal of thousands of years ago. How much easier, then, to detect evidence of recent military activity!

THERE could be deception: but the interpreters of air photographs are cunning, too! Dummies are not so easily dummies to them. But why worry too much about deception? Who is trying to deceive whom about what? In the West the object of the NATO powers is surely to make their agreed policy of the "great deterrent" fully effective. They most of all want the world to know the scale of the offensive and defensive might which is available for action: they want the rest of the world to be really afraid of provoking war. In my view there is great virtue in gradually taking out of military statesmanship the outdated art of poker-playing. Surprise is an invaluable stratagem of war. But we are not considering war; we are considering the prevention of war. And, as we have seen recently, military surprises in peace time can catch public opinion on the wrong foot.

A new idea has come to the top. It will remain only an idea if national leaders see more security in secrecy and deception than in openness and strength. But would it not be logical that out of the small United Nations ground force, which Suez has created, there should evolve a United Nations system of aerial observation? Great ends often have small beginnings. But there can be no acceptable supra-national force without, first, a supra-national means of knowing at first hand what nations are doing with their own borders. Aggression, like charity, begins at home.

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FLIGHT TO SUBURBIA . . *by Stanley Rowland, Jr.*

OFFICIALS and citizens in New York seem reluctant to face the hard fact that current trends in housing may be turning Manhattan into a two-class island. New Yorkers are fleeing the city at the rate of 50,000 a year, and most of those fleeing have incomes of $4,500 to $8,000 annually. Typically, they are young, middle-class families fleeing to suburbia.

But New York's extensive redevelopment programs are supposed to ease this situation. Housing projects —many called "middle-income" and sponsored by Robert Moses—are radically altering the face of the city. Public housing, with low rents geared to incomes, is helping to wipe out slums and solve the housing problems for lower-income families. One "exclusive" development after another is thrown up for the wealthy. But the young middle-class families continue to use New York as a grand hotel, where they sleep for a few years and then leave.

These thousands of fleeing middle-income families are exactly the families the city must hold to weld and broaden a core of citizenry to support better schools and other facilities. Indeed, a large middle class is our society's backbone; it provides stability and—an important consideration—the bulk of tax revenue. It provides patronage for the arts and dynamism for civic-improvement groups.

THE problem is to provide these middle-income families with a basic, compelling reason for staying in the city. The best such reason is housing: if a man spends less than a quarter of his salary for housing he has the financial leeway to tackle other problems. As if in answer to a middle-income prayer, officialdom has multiplied so-called middle-income housing across the city. But the exodus continues. The housing being provided is too little, too late and too inadequate or expensive for the middle-income family.

Let us consider this family. The father is a young business or professional man with an income of around $5,000 or more per year—perhaps as much as $10,000. He probably expects to double this income in ten or fifteen years. He has two children, one of them ready for school, and he wants another child or two. He may want space for a study, and if there are two children to a bedroom, then a play area may be wanted. In short, a five-room apartment is the absolute minimum needed; actually, even this is barely adequate.

So along come housing officials, full of illustrated pamphlets and smiles, offering the family salvation in five streamlined rooms or less (five rooms being the largest apartment in most cases). An example is Morningside Gardens, a non-profit cooperative project with apartments as large as five rooms. There are "many with terrace, all with two baths," and "an average monthly figure of $21 per rental room."

THE middle-income daddy, baby on one knee, gazes raptly at the prospect—five rooms including three bedrooms and terrace, hard by Columbia University, with landscaped gardens and sweeping views, at $21 per room per month. Daddy looks closer, and finds the modern apartment is so beautifully designed that there isn't an extra nook for a study or play area. One bedroom is small for two children beyond nursery age, so he would have to decide in advance to limit his family to three children. But still, five rooms and terrace for $105. . . . He gives baby to his wife to be diapered and gets down to hard statistics. He finds his five rooms with terrace will cost a down payment of about $4,000 and roughly $150 per month in carrying charges.

In a slight sweat, father turns to other prospects. But he finds that any five-room middle-income apartment will cost at least $150 a month. In a cooperative, the monthly charges are lower—on paper; they run from $105 to $125 or even more (a project is announced at $21 to $25 per room, and by the time it is built it costs $30 to $35). Then there is the down payment of $600 to $700 per room, plus monthly charges for gas and electricity. These can run high in an apartment full of children and electrical gadgets. On top of this there will probably be the consideration of some private schooling, plus garage rental if he doesn't want to risk vandalism and parking tickets.

Applying the rule of thumb that a week's pay must equal a month's rent, father finds he must be making $150 plus per week to have something near a permanently adequate apartment in a middle-income project. He is now earning perhaps $110 to $125 a week. True, his income potential is a great deal more; in ten years he could probably afford the apartment handily (if five rooms were still large enough). But the question is academic: long before that he has to settle his expanding family. Where can he go?

1. To Stuyvesant Town and pay roughly $25 per room. But most apartments are fewer than five rooms, and applications are closed.

2. To a three- or four-room middle-income apartment. This he could afford, but it isn't big enough.

3. To a large inexpensive apartment in an old building. But these are difficult to find, are usually located in deteriorating neighborhoods, and are destined to be torn down for new construction.

4. To a project in an outlying city area where costs are less. But if he goes this far from Manhattan, why not move to suburbia and have really adequate space for his growing family?

5. To one of the private projects such as those being built along "new, fashionable Third Avenue." Here he has the exciting prospect of paying more than $50 a room per month.

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6. To suburbia. Here he will pay less than $140 per month on a $14,000 house for all carrying charges, including taxes, heat and light, upkeep and routine improvements, etc. He will have more than five rooms, his children will have fresh air, play space and better schools, the house will be his in an area of rising values, and his family will be a little beyond bomb range of New York—a lurking consideration in the back of more than one man's mind.

Suburbia wins in the stretch. Father turns commuter. The suburban house is also a financial drain, but at least there are compensations. The head of the family pays off his mortgage—and prays that prosperity continues. The city loses by losing its young middle-class citizens and their children.

Today's middle-income projects typically have apartments no larger than five rooms; most are smaller. Only the higher-income family, which can afford the maximum apartment or private housing, and the middle-income family with a maximum of two children, are in a relatively favorable position. The net effect is to drive most young, middle-class families farther and farther from the center of the city. The trend can only be accentuated, in view of rising construction and maintenance costs, by a continuation of the present middle-income housing program. The Citizens Housing and Planning Council is well aware of the problem, cites the "extremely high land cost in Manhattan," and sees "no quick answer."

An answer had better be found before the city loses many more of its middle-class families and is pushed even more in the direction of a two-class city. One effect will be to accentuate the trend toward a dual school system—parochial or private schools for those who can afford them, and public schools with their teen-age hoodlums on the other hand. This would further depress public schools, and a dual system of good schooling for those who can afford it and caretaker schooling for those who cannot is hardly a sound cornerstone for democracy.

Another effect will be to sharpen further the disparity between good housing on the one hand and deplorable slums or public housing on the other. Manhattan's West Side was once a middle-class stronghold; having rapidly deteriorated, it is now slated for massive redevelopment through the Lincoln Square project. This provides for 4,120 apartments at $47.50 per room per month and 420 apartments at $23 per room per month after $500 to $600 down payments. Since the project hasn't been built yet, the prospect is for still higher costs, so it's a question as to whether more than a handful of middle-income families will be able to afford whatever five-room apartments are included among the 420 middle-income units. Nor must it be forgotten that this public-assistance project will provide ten times as many units at the $47.50 rental as as the $23 figure.

Is there any sign of relief? The Citizens Housing and Planning Council is doing its best, but is not optimistic. F.H.A. insurance and low-cost loans, when available, help cushion costs. But these costs are apt to remain high in crowded Manhattan because of the high cost of land and high taxes. However, it was recently said that the city may come through with low-cost loans to build housing at charges of $20 to $22 per room per month. This could be just what is needed— if it's on a sufficiently large scale and if costs are held to the proposed amounts. But the middle-income man is understandably skeptical.

THE AMERICAN CARIBBEAN . . *by Russell W. Howe*

IN AN EARLIER article [*The Nation,* January 5] I attempted to describe the confusing political patterns which govern in the British, Dutch and French West Indies. But there is variety within the American orbit, too.

As a Commonwealth, Puerto Rico gets the best of both worlds—dependence and independence. Although saddled with one of the densest populations in the world (2,300,000, or 631 per square mile, not counting 300,000 now settled in the continental United States), Puerto Rico has become in recent years the progress show place of the Caribbean. Point IV visitors from all over the world went there in May (when industrial income overtook agricultural income, and the 400th postwar factory was completed) and were genuinely impressed. In ten years Operation Bootstrap has doubled the per capita income, now estimated at $486 and said to be the highest in the Antilles.

Since 1948, the island elects its own governor. The first incumbent, Luis Munoz Marin, is now running for a third term. His party, the Popular Democratic Party, got 69 per cent of the vote in 1952 and does not seem to be losing ground. The Commonwealth is represented in Washington only by a non-voting Resident Commissioner; in return for having no vote in Congress, Puerto Ricans pay no federal income tax. The rate is considerably "easier." Moreover, the local government gets back all the internal revenue which it collects.

Industries, including most of the famous names that go to make the turnpike landscapes, have been attracted to Puerto Rico by ten years free of tax and a supply of cheap labor. The benefits are evident: in Santurce and Loiza, San Juan's big seaside suburbs, the housing is often

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better than in the best districts of Queens. In fact as well as in figures, the deadhand of King Sugar is slipping from the island's throat. Puerto Rico gets better and better, month by month.

But this is, of course, only one corner of the picture—the most significant part, but no more than a corner. Only 35,000 are employed in the new factories. The vast majority of the population still lives close to starvation level, and San Juan's La Perla and El Fanguito districts are worse than anything one can find in Dakar. Miserable frame "houses" stand on piles over swamps or in the sea itself, the shacks divided by malodorous alleys two feet wide.

With a birthrate of thirty-five per thousand and a death rate, thanks to modern medicine, lower than that in the United States (life expectancy, sixty-four years against fifty-four ten years ago) and with the predominant Catholic faith still preferring congestion to contraception, the problem of the poor is as bad as ever.

Manual Rivera Martos, Governor Munoz' press officer, told me sadly: "Slums we shall *always* have."

THOSE WHO have not benefited from Puerto Rico's gradual transformation can express opposition to Munoz' government through one of two parties: the *Estadista* (Statehood) party and the *Independentista* party. The Statehood party got 13 per cent of the 1952 poll. Its supporters argue that full American statehood for a Puerto Rico, which paid normal federal taxes to Washington, would get better treatment over the long pull. As a commonwealth, they say, Puerto Rico will never be more than a poor cousin, with industries coming in only because they are not expected to pay their share of the budget or to pay normal wages.

The *Independentista* party draws eighteen per cent of the vote. In view of Puerto Rico's obvious advantages in being, in some way or other, part of the United States, why does one Puerto Rican in five want independence? To answer this, one has to look at the party membership. The leaders and hard core of the independence movement are former or present Puerto Rican emigrants to the continental United States. Bitterness about discriminatory practices against Puerto Ricans in New York, in housing, employment, salaries and social life, have created a party prepared to cut all ties with the United States, whatever the economic cost. When Gov. Munoz was in New York in October, he had to cancel an election speech because of the strength of the *Independentista* opposition to him in the city.

But the majority of islanders would agree with Martos when he says: "We have more freedom in association than in isolation, and the commonwealth will grow in authority and power."

In the last elections, Munoz' Popular Democratic Party won all twenty-three contestable seats in the island Senate and all forty-seven in the House of Representatives. Only a special provision for ten "minority party" Senate seats and seventeen similar seats in the lower house give the country's legislature some semblance of an opposition. Popular Democratic candidates for mayor won all seventy-six municipalities in the island.

PUERTO RICO'S three big problems are shortage of schools, an abundance of slums and poverty in general. The aim of Munoz' government is a *minimum* annual income per family of $2,000. (This is relatively ambitious. It can be recalled that Stevenson, in his campaign speeches, frequently referred to the fact that one continental United States family in five still falls in the under $2,000 bracket.)

Fomento, the government organization in charge of economic development, has forty-three housing projects under way. Some are of impressive dimensions, even to the New Yorker eye. Of total American appropriations for federal-assisted housing, 11 per cent goes now to Puerto Rico. In all, $150,000,000 will have been spent this year on new dwellings. The commonwealth government buys the land and supplies the water, power, etc. Federal funds build the houses. The three main municipalities—San Juan, Ponce and Mayaguez—deal directly with Washington. Rents are reasonable, varying according to salary and size of family. In the rural districts, peasants are being given land to use for growing their own vegetables, and for $300 they can buy a do-it-yourself house in concrete blocks. Technical advice is given, and house-building equipment is loaned free.

But in Puerto Rico, as everywhere else in the Caribbean, the No. 1 problem is education. Theoretically, education is compulsory through the ninth grade, but lack of buildings and teachers and already hopelessly overcrowded classrooms mean that at present no less than 100,000 children (official government figure) are not in school. Moreover, given the general situation, family economic problems draw children out of school at the first opportunity.

Nevertheless, in sixteen years the school population has risen from 250,000 to 600,000; attendance at the University of Puerto Rico has increased from 3,000 to 13,000. Forty per cent of the island budget goes to education—all in all, with free lunches and other items, about $70,000,000. There is a free literacy program for adults, and government sources estimate illiteracy as down to 20 per cent.

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS

Half an hour away by air, the Virgin Islands present a contrasting picture. Although the word is never used, the islands are purely and simply a colony. With a per capita income of $480—infinitely less if one discounts the high incomes of the "continentals" cashing in on the tourist boom—the Virgins have almost none of the advantages so generously meted out to Puerto Rico.

Here are some of the ways in which the Virgins still have colonial status:

1. The governor, appointed in Washington, has and uses considerable veto powers.

2. Because the governor is not elected, the Virgins have no Resident Commissioner in Congress, and so have no voice in Congressional policy.

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3. The no-taxation-without-representation principle does not apply; islanders pay full federal tax and as (unlike Puerto Rico) they only get back a part of the internal revenue they collect, the United States can be said to be behaving in the tradition of colonialism—making a profit on a country where the standard of living is lower than in the motherland.

The Virgins comprise three islands —plus about forty islets, mostly uninhabited. The three are St. Thomas (population 16,000), Ste. Croix (13,100) and St. John (800). Columbus, who charted the islands on St. Ursula's day, apparently thought them considerably more numerous and with the politician's gift for exaggeration, named them after the 11,000 Virgins of St. Ursula. The United States bought them from Denmark in 1917 for $25,000,000.

Ninety per cent of the population is Negro and créole. Three of the remaining 10 per cent are French-speaking. Most of the population live in battered shacks. They are even more conscious and resentful of their poverty than the Puerto Ricans, because for five months in the year their land is taken over by swarms of tourists (100,000 are expected this winter) who spend lavishly and live well.

Unfortunately, very little of this tourist boom trickles down to the natives. Most of the flourishing stores, hotels and restaurants offer only menial employment to the islanders. When local girls refused to take sleeping-out chambermaid jobs for $15 a week—half the New York *unemployment* pay—in an economy where the cost of living is 35 per cent higher than in New York City, the hotels got permission to bring in girls from the British Virgins, where living conditions are even poorer and where the offer of a permanent United States immigration visa—in return for a one-year-contract on St. Thomas—was a certain lure.

New manufacturing and processing industries get a 75 per cent tax cut for ten years, but even this does not compare with Puerto Rico's 100 per cent tax-cut incentive and greater supply of labor. Taxes, when they are levied, are at the federal rate.

And to make matters worse for industry, there is a grave shortage of water. St. Thomas has to rely on rain.

The local legislature, comprising eleven senators, can sit for sixty days each year. Its perennial task appears to be warring with the successive governors. The last incumbent, H. Archie Alexander, once vetoed forty-one out of ninety bills passed during a senate session. The local calypsans consequently composed a tune, "Guvna maan, he say no," in which everything the singer set out to do, down to the most intimate pastimes, won Mr. Alexander's veto. One verse ran:

> Get me brush, get me soap, get me bowl,
> I preparing get me shave, but—
> Guvna maan, he say no.

Of the present governor, hard-working Walter Gordon and his gracious First Lady, the natives are scarcely more respectful.

The majority party in the senate, the Unity Party, calls itself frankly the "Anti-Governor" Party. Its brightest spark is Columbia-educated Earle B. Ottley, aged thirty-three, editor of the *Home Journal*. Ottley, like most islanders, believes the Virgins are treated as Cinderellas because of the ethnic nature of the population.

Native spokesmen get particularly angry about the number of continental appointees sent down by Washington, and about the disparity between their salaries (and "overseas" allowances) and the salaries paid to personnel recruited locally. Despite the high cost of living, some high school teachers get as little as $220 a month, nurses less than $200. But the senators really boiled over recently when a Washington appointee, Comptroller Richard Krabach, spent over $5,000 of public funds moving furniture from the mainland. A bill to limit moving expenses for Washingtonians to $2,000 was vetoed by the governor.

Most island development projects —new schools, slum clearance projects, etc.—are held up for lack of funds. If taxes collected from persons in the hotel and tourist business were returned to the island, this would not be so. There is an especially grave need for more schools, and for at least some modest scholarship system to enable a thousand or so high school children to remain at their studies.

Minimum salary in this high-cost territory is forty cents an hour, but domestics earn as little as thirty-five dollars a month. The tourist boom has rocketed land values 100 per cent in the past two years and rents have risen proportionately. The rents of the clapboard cabins in Charlotte Amalie, capital of the islands, have risen as much as 1,000 per cent in ten years, according to Ottley.

ON THE credit side, recent years have seen the growth in strength of a St. Thomas Labor Union and a Ste. Croix Labor Union, both AFL-CIO.

The great needs in the Virgins are for: increased industry, by the same incentives as in Puerto Rico; generous increase in federal aid to schools; restrictions on importing employes from the continental United States and on the granting of hotel and retail permits to non-islanders; loans and technical advice to islanders wishing to go into business; a plant to make sea water potable; stock-breeding and increased tropical vegetable farming, preferably on a co-operative "model farm" basis.

But perhaps most important, the Virgin Islands need increased autonomy and a definite date for the election of their own governor and the sending of a Resident Commissioner to represent them in Washington.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Dialectic of Agony

THE NOTEBOOKS OF SIMONE WEIL. Translated from the French and edited by Arthur Wills. G. P. Putnam's. Two volumes. $10.

By Kenneth Rexroth

I HAVE an apology to make for this review. It is late. It was easy enough to write, but very hard to get started. Simone Weil is one of the most remarkable women of the twentieth, or indeed of any other century. I have great sympathy for her, but sympathy is not necessarily congeniality. It would be easier to write of her if I liked what she has to say, which I strongly do not.

For an alert non-Bolshevik radical in the years of the Second World War, the two most decisive insights, at least for those who read only English, were Paul Mattick's "The War Is Permanent," published in *Living Marxism* in 1939 and Simone Weil's "The Coming World War," published in the *International Review* in 1938, but written in 1934. Mattick's theme, obvious from the title, is now a commonplace. Simone Weil pointed out that technology had made social violence supranational; so that, whoever "won," modern warfare resolved itself in actual practice into the lethal conflict of the man at the desk with the man at the bench. The workers get killed in shop or foxhole, the college graduates get commissions or join the OWI. Unhappily, she was herself to undergo a transvaluation of values and join the Gaullist OWI. One of her books, *The Need For Roots,* is a collection of egregious nonsense surpassed only by the deranged fantasies of the chauvinist Peguy. Written for De Gaulle it was a program for the moral rehabilitation of France when our side had won. It attempts to enlist on our side the same dark irrational spirits who seemed then to be fighting so successfully for the other side. Luckily, as it turned out, they lost and we won without much effective intervention from the spirits on either side. Realities of the kind called harsh rule France today rather than any vestige of Simone Weil's odd ideals.

Simone Weil was born in Paris in 1909 of well-to-do parents of Jewish ancestry but no religion. After a brilliant academic career in philosophy she became a secondary school teacher. In 1934 she left teaching for a year to work in the Renault plant, "to experience the life of the workers." In 1936 she went to Spain, and fought, or rather did not fight, in the Republican Army. Between her return from Spain late in the same year and the outbreak of the war she broke down in health, abandoned her revolutionary ideas, which were never Marxist in any orthodox sense, but rather Communist-Anarchist of the type we associate with Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman, and began a tortured prowling outside the doors of the Catholic Church—like a starving animal. In 1941 she met Father Perinn, a Dominican, who introduced her to Gustave Thibon, a well-to-do farmer and leading Catholic intellectual. On his farm she tried, not very successfully, to work as a "land girl." In the summer of 1942 she came to New York and left for England in the fall with a commission to serve in the Gaullist regime in England. In the spring of 1943 she entered a hospital, and in August she died in Ashford Sanatorium in Kent. Superficially this career sounds much like that of many idealistic and rather giddy upper class college girls of those days. Probably many such girls who are successful lady executives today did live with the same burning intensity as Simone Weil, probably a good many others came to a like sad end. But she, like Marie Bashkirtsiev, her nineteenth century double, and the exemplar of the type in those days, left a record.

OVER the years since then Putman's has published several collections of her journals and correspondence: *Waiting For God, Letter To A Priest, Gravity and Grace* (a preliminary selection from the present *Notebooks*) and *The Need For Roots.* As they came out I read them cursorily, but the full impact never hit me until I read them all again, and with them her new unabridged notebooks.

I have the greatest respect, indeed veneration, for any tortured soul seeking peace and illumination. But, in 1934 Simone Weil wrote this:

> War in our day is distinguished by the subordination of the combatants to the instruments of combat, and the armaments, the true heroes of modern warfare, as well as the men dedicated to their service, are directed by those who do not fight. Since this directing apparatus has no other way of fighting than sending its own soldiers, under compulsion, to their deaths—the war of one State against another resolves itself into a war of the State and the military apparatus against its own army. War in the last analysis appears as a struggle led by all the State apparatuses and general staffs against all men old enough and able to bear arms.

When war actually came she was writing things like this:

> In civil society, penal death, if death is used as a punishment, ought to be something beautiful. Religious ceremonies would be necessary for it to be made so. And there ought to be something to make it felt that the man who is being punished, on receiving death, accomplishes something great; contributes, as far as he is able in the situation in which he has placed himself, to the orderly state of the community. Let him remain in his cell until such time as he himself accepts to die?

What would Thomas Aquinas have

KENNETH REXROTH has just published 100 Chinese Poems *and a collection of his own verse,* In Defense of the Earth.

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made of this? Or any Sicilian peasant or Irish teamster? Very much, I fear, the same as you or I. This girl killed herself seeking salvation, a salvation she identified with Catholicism. This, and there are hundreds of remarks like it in the notebooks, is far from Catholicism, in fact from any religion. It has a horrible similarity to one theory of the Moscow trials, but it is a sick kind of agonized frivolity. There are other things: a captious, misinformed playing with Hinduism and comparative mythology, worse than the confabulations of Robert Graves; a toying with modern mathematics of infinitudes and incommensurabilities—a kind of post Cantor-Dedekind Neo-Pythagoreanism.

IN HER last years Simone Weil seems to have sought enlightenment by a systematic cultivation of maximum hypertension. Her thought proceeded by no way other than paradox. This is not new. There is a good deal of it in Pascal, that least Catholic of Catholic thinkers, and of course in Kierkegaard. In Chesterton it sinks to the level of a vulgar journalistic trick. Paul Tillich has created, beyond the "theology of crisis" of Barth, Niebuhr and the Neo-Lutherans, a "theology of tension"—perhaps the most viable expression of that ancient science for a modern man. But there is the tension of life and the tension of death. Simone Weil was a dying girl. Hers was a spastic, moribund, intellectual and spiritual agony. We can sympathize with it, be moved to tears by it, much as we are by the last awful lunacies of Antonin Artaud, but we imitate it, allow it to infect us, at our peril. This is a Kierkegaard who refuses to leap. *Angst* for *angst's* sake. Anguish is not enough. When it is made an end in itself it takes on a holy, or unholy, folly.

It is one thing, like John Woolman, to refuse sugar because it was made by slave labor, it is another thing to refuse to eat more than the starvation rations of occupied Paris when one is dying in an English sanatorium. (What sort of doctor permitted this?) It is touching, even tragic, but it is the farcical tragedy of Lear, equally distant from the tragedy of Prometheus on his rock or Christ on His Cross.

What was wrong with Simone Weil? Our grandparents used to say of learned girls who broke down, "She studied too hard. She read too many books." and today we laugh at them. I think Simone Weil had both over- and under-equipped herself for the crisis that overwhelmed her—along, we forget, immersed in her tragedy, with all the rest of us. She was almost the perfectly typical passionate revolutionary intellectual woman—a frailer, even more highly strung Rosa Luxemburg.

Rosa was saved from personal, inner disaster during the great betrayals of the First World War by several, all rather tough-minded, characteristics: a tenacious orthodoxy—she was perfectly confident of the sufficiency of Marxism as an answer, though she was more humane about it than Lenin; a warm, purely human love of people—physically, their smell and touch and comradeship; a kind of Jewish indomitable guts—that ultimate unkillability which comes only from grandparents in *yamulke* and horsehair wig. Simone Weil had none of this. She made up her revolution out of her vitals, like a spider or silk worm. She could introject all the ill of the world into her own heart, but she could not project herself in sympathy to others. Her letters read like the more distraught signals of John of the Cross in the dark night. It is inconceivable that she could ever have written as Rosa did from prison to Sophia Kautsky. People to her were mere actors in her own spiritual melodrama. I doubt if she was ever aware of the smell of her own armpits. She may have called her fantasy "the need for roots," but *yamulkes,* rosaries or plain chewing-tobacco atheism, none had ever existed in her past. She was born a *deracinée* and she insisted on remaining one. She was constitutionally disengaged—Renault, Spain and the Free French to the contrary notwithstanding. Faced with the ordinary but definite engagement of becoming a baptized Catholic she panicked.

Religion has been called the gap between the technology and the environment. When her intellectual and psychological environment blew up in her face, Simone Weil discovered that she had no technology whatever, and the gap was absolute. She never permitted herself access to anyone who could help her. If I were planning to enter the Catholic Church the last person I would approach would be the kind priest who could make head or tail of her *Letter to a Priest.*

Father Perrin and M. Thibon may have been wise men in their generation, but they both fell into the trap of her dialectic of agony. They took her seriously—in the wrong way. They lacked the vulgar but holy frivolity of common sense of the unsophisticated parish priest who would have told her, "Come, come, my child, what you need is to get baptized, obey the ten commandments, go to Mass on Sundays, make your Easter duties, forget about religion, put some meat on your bones, and get a husband." Simone Weil knew the type, and she avoided them as a criminal avoids the police, and probably secretly disdained them as much.

ONLY such advice could have saved her. Only the realization of the truth, so hard to come by for the religious adventurer, that no one is "called" to be any holier than he absolutely has to be, could have given her real illumination. To anything like this she was defiantly impervious. She went to John of the Cross when she should have gone to plain Father Dupont, or Father Monanhan, or Father Aliotto. Even Huysmans, with all his posturing, had sense enough to make St. Severin, that humble slum church, his home parish. Simone Weil assaulted the Garden of Gethsemane, and as is so often the case, was broken on the gate.

But at least she speaks, again and again, of her absolutely sure sense of the suddenly descending, all-suffusing presence of God. So we know that somewhere, somehow, in all her agony, she did find some center of peace—a peace which, unless we believe in God, we may find hard to explain.

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Roosevelt and the Theory of Leadership

ROOSEVELT: THE LION AND THE FOX. By James MacGregor Burns. Harcourt, Brace. $5.75.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT: THE TRIUMPH. By Frank Freidel. Little, Brown. $6.

By V. O. Key, Jr.

THE MOUNTAINS of records ground out by modern office machines and preserved by dedicated archivists will occupy generations of biographers of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The abundance of documentation may make more difficult the deification of modern national heroes, but it seems unlikely to simplify the problem of explaining the mysteries of greatness in the arts of politics. At least, the reports of early forays in the files suggest such observations.

Only a few words need be said in characterization of Mr. Freidel's work. This, the third volume of his biography of Roosevelt, carries the story from the inauguration as Governor of New York in January, 1929, through the Presidential election of November, 1932. In the grand style of traditional biography, *The Triumph* maintains the standards established by the earlier volumes. The narrative is comprehensive in design, devoid of both rancor and idolatry, meticulous in its attention to relevant detail, and leisurely in pace yet it does march. The completed multi-volume work will doubtless constitute an outstanding example of its *genre*.

Mr. Burns's book could be treated simply as a political biography of Roosevelt to Pearl Harbor. (Limited access to records of the war period made it prudent to treat those years only sketchily.) Yet Mr. Burns essays a far more formidable task than the chronicle of a political career. He sets out to analyze and appraise Roosevelt's performance as a political leader. Those objectives are perhaps not novel, but Mr. Burns approaches his task armed with weapons supplemental to the standard equipment of the conventional biographer—a modicum of literary artistry and a skill in evaluating documentary evidence. And he moves into his inquiry with an explicit theory of the nature of the process of leadership. That theory, which he states in the forbidding argot of social science in a brief appendix, has drawn irreverent comment from reviewers. Yet the merit of the work derives in no small degree from its theoretical apparatus, which, it should be said, does not get in the way of the story.

Mr. Burns subscribes to no great-man theory of history; nor does he regard political leaders to be entirely at the mercy of impersonal forces. A free, and unauthorized, translation of his theory of leadership would run to the effect that the individual leader, formed in his personality and character by inheritance and nurture, collides with the events with which he must cope. Although "no leader is a free agent," he may, within limits, mold his environment. Or the opposing forces may balance on dead center. Guided by his theoretical system, Mr. Burns proceeds to a fairly cold-blooded dissection of the political leadership practiced by FDR.

The formative forces molding Roosevelt fixed, or so the argument goes, characteristics of mind and behavior that were both to aid and limit him in the situations in which he acted. His anchorage in the ethical premises of his class at the turn of the century equipped him with a set of moral standards which included a sense of duty, an obligation to do good, which ultimately boiled down to "the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule, as interpreted by Endicott Peabody." Yet unlike many of his contemporaries, he became a man who could make the shift to the new century. By the chance of his own development, he "was a man of no fixed convictions about methods and policies." An attachment to the ancient ends combined with a disposition toward innovation in means. Roosevelt "lingered" between the nineteenth century and the twentieth.

FLEXIBILITY, opportunism and skills in maneuver enabled Roosevelt to ride the whirlwind of the Hundred Days of 1933. Under circumstances of pervasive public anxiety, Roosevelt showed himself to be a remarkable political tactician. Statute after statute went on the books. Yet Burns concludes, "Try as he might, the most resourceful political philosopher could not extract consistency from the jumble."

The going became rougher in the Second Hundred Days after the Supreme Court invalidated the NRA. Burns makes the Roosevelt movement to the left at this time to be not a concession to quiet the agitators of the left, not an expression of intellectual commitment, but a consequence of the "cumulative impact of the attacks from the right." Business, paralyzed by its own ideology, shirked the duties of true conservatives, the Chamber of Commerce "lambasted" the President's program, and the Court went to work on the New Deal. Driven from his now-untenable center position into alliance with labor, he made the Wagner bill a "must" bill and thus was enacted "the most radical legislation passed during the New Deal."

In his management of foreign policy Roosevelt encountered the least malleable restrictions on his leadership. The picture emerges of a man with a sharp perception of the shape of things in the making who on occasion gingerly tested the limits on his power to act, only to retreat quickly to await the erosion of the isolationist spirit by the impact of events and by the agitation of the internationalists. At last, as the Battle of Britain raged and as the Presidential campaign of 1940 began, he took the risk of the destroyer deal. "After years of foxlike retreats and evasions, he took the lion's role."

Mr. Burns concludes that Roosevelt was a superb tactician and at times a courageous leader but that he did not achieve the "acme of political leadership." A leader may make the most of the materials he has to work with; he

V. O. KEY, JR. is professor of government at Harvard University and the author of many books and articles in the field of American political affairs.

What the Emanation of Casey Jones Said to the Medium

Turn inward on the brain
The flashlight of an I
While the express train
Time, unflagged, roars by.

Pick out the dirt of stars,
Wipe off the wires of gut,
Uncouple the foetid cars
From the spangled banner of smut.

Then shine, o curdled orb,
Within thy vantage box,
Field that attracts, absorbs
Cats, hairpins, spring greens, clocks,

That twists like vapor, seeps
From tunnel's murky bung
Hole, fogs the vista-dome and creeps
Away, accomplished and undone.

Take note of freedom's prize,
Dissolve and walk the wind,
Ride camels through the eyes
Of moles—the make-up of the mind

Embellishes and protects,
Draws beards between fabulous tits,
Endorses the stranger's checks,
Judges and always acquits.

Turn inward to the brain:
The signal stars are green,
Unheard the ghost train
Time, and Death can not be seen.

A. J. M. SMITH

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can become truly great if he "creates new materials to help him meet his goals." Roosevelt, in Burns's judgment, did not create the "new materials." The tests are that he failed to build a "liberal coalition and a new party behind the New Deal." He did not at critical and opportune moments exploit the opportunity to divert the people from isolation toward an appreciation of the external necessities. He neither grasped the promise of Keynesianism nor exploited its possibilities. These failings reflected both an inability to master limiting circumstance and the nature of the intellectual equipment Roosevelt brought to the Presidency.

The facts may be clear enough. The utility of the general tests of greatness in leadership are not so clear. Are such fundamental changes as the construction of new party alignments accomplished through the manipulations of political leaders? Or do such changes result from a far more complex process of social evolution? Must individual leaders almost inevitably be prisoners of their environment when confronted by such problems?

Whatever the answers to such questions may be, Mr. Burns's analysis activates anew the old misgivings about the adequacy of our organization for political leadership. Even the most resourceful political tactician seems handcuffed by the situation into which the institutional apparatus thrusts him. Surrounded by cabinet members who commonly bring to him little political strength, and dependent on congressional allies whose situation often encourages them toward inaction or irresponsibility, the President must operate in appalling loneliness from a most exposed position. If President Eisenhower should be moved to read this book, the chances are that he would have a fellow feeling for a fellow President.

The Ego As Hero

THE LOST STEPS. By Alejo Carpentier. Translated by Harriet De Onis. Knopf. $3.75.

By John Farrelly

THIS NOVEL, a translation from the Spanish, has gathered inexplicable acclaim in France and England. The narrator (never identified as other than "I") drags on his discontented life in a city vaguely designated as New York, although "it does not call for any specific location." A frustrated composer, he has sold his talent to the manufacture of background music for the movies. He localizes his discontent in a deteriorating marriage and the colossal inanity of his surroundings.

For a change of scene he accepts a mission to collect rare primitive musical instruments in the jungles of South America. Along for the ride goes his mistress, on the evidence of the narrator a pretentious culture monger and a thoroughly repellent female. This "archetypal bourgeoise" he ships home in short order and replaces her with a local "woman of the earth." "We, the Couple," this distinguished intellectual and his splendid animal, set out on a quasi-metaphysical exploration of "the jungle—that is to say, The Unknown." This is conducted largely by invidious comparisons between his new-found Eden and the world he left behind him "where the almost total synchronization of life had concentrated all struggle

JOHN FARRELLY has recently completed his appointment as visiting lecturer in American Literature at Trinity College, Dublin.

Sonnet

I may have helped, but do not call me wise,
For it is not a talent of the mind
Which in a moment comes to realize
A sudden insight where we were resigned:
These partial truths among the daily lies—
Deceits more thoughtless than they are unkind—
Are not uncovered when we analyse;
Will not by definition be defined.
Rather it is an impulse of the will,
Which tentative and not content alone,
Seeks for another to at last fulfill
Its final aim—to know and to be known.
Through this concern, some small truth may proceed
Not from our wisdom, but our common need.

ELLEN KAY

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around two or three problems raised to white heat." That he hasn't altogether escaped the habits of this world may be suspected from his response to the sun on his body as he bathes in a tropical river: "I felt once more the tension and the throb that sought the dark palpitation of vitals plumbed to their depths in a boundless desire of oneness which became the longing for the womb."

But even apart from the portentous prose and the oversimplification of its primitive vs. civilized thesis the book's failure is inherent in the device, as here employed, of first-person narrator. He must strike any reader, I should think, as humorless, peevish, arrogant and self-pitying, but there is no indication that he strikes the author that way. We are offered no helpful perspective by which to judge him: there is no implicit irony, no qualifications of his viewpoint. With an author so indulgent, a narrator so self-indulgent has everything his own way and proceeds to wreck the book! He is either exasperated by, or merely indifferent to, the incidents he cursorily describes. He is so absorbed in himself that he is unaware of the minutiae of life around him. The people are faceless and near-anonymous because, with the exception of his jungle love, they attract his attention only when they get on his nerves or in his way.

What does absorb him is the "play" of his own mind. "I had always loved those leaps from the transcendental to the eccentric, from Elizabethan drama to Gnosticism, from Platonism to acupuncture . . . the kaleidoscope of ideas passing swiftly from the Cabala to Anxiety." That should give some hint of the range of his "leaps" and the confusion of the "kaleidoscope" which make up his disconnected reflections and the irrelevant bulk of this book. No doubt its admirers will enshrine it in that dubious category, the "novel of ideas."

THEATRE and FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE FINAL production of the Old Vic's season here is a provoking and theatrically exciting *Troilus and Cressida*. Tyrone Guthrie, labeling the play a satiric comedy, directs it for laughs and jangle. He has put it in Edwardian dress and manners, with guards-regiment types out of *Punch* and their light ladies from Mayfair and Leicester Square. Guthrie invents business with a nervous versatility; he runs his actors up and down the aisles, hangs on them all manner of glittering, rattling accoutrements and keeps them fretting and jibing like horses too long in their stalls. There was surely never a busier production of the play or one more eager to meet the audience on the easy ground of a broad style. Guthrie competes with Shakespeare for guffaws—the tiny Priam among his giant sons, Helen an aging variety artiste in too-tight shoes, Nestor's shooting stick, Thersites' nasal (and often incomprehensible) cockney, the elegant Pandarus wolfing after every comely boy on the stage. It's every bit as good a laugh riot as *The Pajama Game* and no nagging doubts about the quality of these heroes—they have no quality. Who will wonder about the heart of Cressida, a high-born slut whose very groom knows her too well? Or who will be jealous of the honor of Agamemnon, a Blimp grown fatuous punting the years away before the walls of Troy? It is all malice, pose and larking and we have no need of Thersites to tell us "Lechery, lechery! still wars and lechery! nothing else holds fashion."

It would not be true to say that Guthrie's concept fails to work—you could not sit in the audience and deny that the production is a success. But it may be too small a success. *Troilus* is a bitter play, whatever the argument for calling it a tragedy, that strikes out against honor without principle, love without generosity, blood without cause, and Shakespeare did not waste anger on jackdaws. Yet this Hector plays for the varsity, Ulysses is a Noel Coward sophisticate, Cassandra a Bloomsbury eccentric and Troilus a dear boy caught in a precocious love affair. It is funny and right on the surface.

Then there is Achilles, who can't be made to foxtrot like the others. He is corrupt but powerful; dangerous, passionate and direct, and he remains fixed in his original context. Guthrie conceives him as a prize fighter gone to sloth, which is excellent, but his unscrupulous megalomania is much too raw for the surrounding gold braid and tin swords. And what of Pandarus' spitting farewell? The hatred is too sudden after all the easy amorality—the shaft misses.

I recall the acting as a group of splendid individual turns—Paul Rogers as Pandarus, John Neville as Thersites, Rosemary Harris as Cressida, Richard Wordsworth as Ulysses, Charles Gray as Achilles all demonstrate a gift for bold and explicit characterization, but they make their marks as virtuosos and rather apart from the encounters of the play. The rest of the company works with dash, noise and enthusiasm, without building much dramatic structure either out of their lines or their presence on the stage. Everything gives place to a general impression of feverish brightness. Guthrie is a showman of almost unmatched energy and ingenuity; what he seems to lack is a good opinion of his material or of his audience.

SENTIMENTALITY is not a French vice, but when the French fall into it they fall hard. An example is *La Sorcière,* in which a young Parisian engineer takes a job (object unspecified) in the deep Swedish woods and falls in love, first with his employer, a blonde lady martinet, then with an apprentice witch who lives with her granny in a lakeside hut, chats with fawns and squirrels, runs and jumps like Tarzan, bathes in the nude and cures ugly cuts with a caress. She is a toothsome witch, lightly clad and more shy than prudish. This is all pleasant enough, but the picture's attempt to pick its mincing way between a fairy tale and a love affair will set your teeth on edge.

TEL AVIV TAXI is a dreary little comedy. It has none of the energy or freshness or enthusiasm that you could reasonably expect from the movie makers of a new country; on the contrary, it is stale, spiritless and unprofessional. I doubt that the most patriotic Israeli could admire it, and it should never have been exported to certain failure.

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

January 13 through 19

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, January 13

WAR AND PEACE (NBC-TV Opera Company). American premiere of Prokofiev's opera, produced by Samuel Chotzinoff with a cast of ninety-two. The principal singers are Morley Meredith, Helena Scott, Linda McNaughton and David Lloyd. In English translation. (Color)

MEDICAL HORIZONS (ABC). From the Mayo Clinic Don Goddard and staff doctors will discuss the twentieth century plague—ulcers—and progress in treatment. The show will tour the facilities of the largest group practice in the world and will hear how illness is handled

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there, from diagnosis to discharge.

Monday, January 14

SALUTE TO RICHARD RODGERS (ABC; Voice of Firestone). Patrice Munsel with orchestra and chorus.

TODAY (NBC). Dave Garroway will return from sick leave to celebrate the show's fifth anniversary.

Radio

Saturday, January 19

LA PERICHOLE (ABC). The new Metropolitan production of Offenbach's opera; with Patrice Munsel, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard and Ralph Herbert.

A. W. L.

LETTER from ROME

By William Weaver

AMERICAN movie enthusiasts, on arriving in Italy, are often shocked by the Italian films which they see here. At home, films like *La Strada* or *I vitelloni* or revivals of *Shoeshine* and *Open City*, encourage the notion that in post-war Italy movies on a high level of seriousness and artistry are produced with regularity. Seen from this side of the Atlantic, the situation is radically different and, for the admirer of the films listed above, infinitely depressing. The industry here is in the midst of a financial crisis, and is producing very few films. Of the few produced, even fewer are any good.

The financial crisis is only one reason for the decline in quality; another is Italy's strict and capricious censorship. Every script to be filmed here must be submitted to a board of censors; after it is passed by this board, it is filmed; then the completed film must be re-submitted to the board, which often imposes still further changes and cuts. Last year, in one instance, the censors attempted to withdraw a film they had allowed to be released: *Casanova,* a bad little film full of leaden innuendo. The entire film industry—and many members of parliament along with it—rose up against this new turn of censorship's screw, and *Casanova* was eventually re-released. But the effect of all this on producers' morale can easily be imagined. Since then only the most innocuous films have been made. Some of them, to be sure, are given sexy-sounding titles to attract the public, but like the cover on paper-book editions of *Madame Bovary,* this ruse fools few customers.

Every month the highbrow magazine *Cinema Nuovo* lists the films currently in production. A couple of years ago, when the industry was at its zenith, the catalogue might have included as many as forty or fifty pictures; last month's issue numbered fourteen pictures. Of these, three are documentaries, a couple are cheap musicals, and most of the rest are pseudo-bedroom comedies, starring popular comic actors like Peppino De Filippo or the omnipresent Toto' (who can sometimes be funny, but rarely is in his badly-made pictures).

All kinds of laws protect Italian films against American competition: government subsidies are given to "deserving" (i.e., inoffensive) pictures, Italian movie houses are obliged by law to show a certain number of Italian films per year (they show them mostly in the summer, when the theatres are deserted anyway for lack of air-conditioning). Still Toto' really can't compete with Jerry Lewis when it comes to box office.

And instead of competing with the Americans by accentuating the *Italian* qualities of their films, producers here outdo themselves in attempts to imitate American pictures—Italy serves only as a convenient and attractive background for stories like *Donatella* (starring Elsa Martinelli, who has made a picture in Hollywood), a poor-little-rich-girl business that might have been written for our own June Allyson. Another recent production, *Il prezzo della gloria* (*The Price of Glory*), was also American in everything but its background; this was a war movie about the Italian navy that reminded me of those movies made in Hollywood during the last war about "typical" groups of soldiers (or sailors or air corpsmen), of whom each had his own little drama, etc.

WHAT about Italy's vaunted *neo-realismo?* Rossellini's decline has been so rapid and so international that it hardly bears mentioning. Visconti (less well-known in America) is a less instinctive, more professional director; but he has the reputation of spending too much money, and his films are made at rare intervals. De Sica has made a film recently, *Il tetto (The Roof),* about which there was much talk and speculation before its release. Afterwards, the interest died. It is a well-made film on a moving theme (Italy's housing problem), but its very smoothness robs it of the force of De Sica's earlier pictures, despite their technical flaws. And some of the best things in the picture are imitations of earlier De Sica inventions

The Great Man's voice, like a silken scarf . . .

wound round the lives of millions of his listeners . . . and made them captives of his charm.

Charm that could sell them anything . . . cigarettes, toothpaste . . . as long as it was "his" brand.

They loved his homely wit, his humble philosophy. But they didn't know him.

Was there something else behind that warm smile?

Ask his wife . . . his sometime girl friends. Talk to his press agent. His band leader. Look for the people who knew him . . . little and big.

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JOSÉ FERRER

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(a servant girl, for instance, who recalls the tenderer performance of Maria Pia Casilio in *Umberto D.*).

Equally disappointing is the recent film of Pietro Germi, *Il ferroviere (The Railroader)*. Here again there are all the outward trappings of *neo-realismo*: a story about a working man, the sets carefully and authentically reconstructed, the Roman dialect all correct; but again, the core is missing. All these realistic paraphernalia are used to dish up a soppy story about a family that has lots of troubles, but solves them all on Christmas eve, just before father dies. There is even a little boy in the story, a Roman Tiny Tim.

IN ROME, as in Hollywood, the "star vehicle" is a standard product. (In fact, one of the causes of the industry's crash was the exaggerated salaries paid to hastily-created "stars.") To exploit the publicity of her recent Oscar, a story was quickly run up for Anna Magnani last year. The result, *Suor Letizia* (*Sister Letizia*) is just out: again, a weak imitation in which la Magnani plays a Hollywood sort of nun, who plays football and knows about money management.

Despite these recent disappointments, the situation isn't entirely black. Fellini is currently finishing a new picture, *Le Notti di Cabiria (Cabiria's Nights)*, which sounds promising. Visconti is about to start shooting a film taken from a Dostoevski story, *Le notti bianche*, which will have only two actors: the Italian Marcello Mastroianni, and the German Maria Schell, who was given the "best actress" award at last autumn's Venice Festival. And Mario Rossi, who directed a beautifully sensitive film called *Amici per la pelle (Bosom Friends)* a year or so ago, is about to do a picture called *Grande Albergo*, which—despite the title—is not a remake of *Grand Hotel*, but a new story. If it has the warmth and the intelligent direction of his earlier film, this picture will assure Rossi a place in the new generation of Italian directors: a generation which, unfortunately, will probably have to work with the old generation of Italian producers.

MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

WHAT I expected would be an outstanding performance of *Rigoletto* at the Metropolitan—with Tito Gobbi in the title role, Mattiwilda Dobbs as Gilda and Giorgio Tozzi as Sparafucile—turned out to be disappointing. My expectations were based on Gobbi's excellent singing in the Angel *Rigoletto*, Dobbs's exquisitely clear and lovely voice in her Angel song recital, Tozzi's sumptuous singing of Pimen in the Metropolitan's *Boris Godunov* last year; but Gobbi's voice this time was dry and became increasingly rough and harsh as he forced it throughout the evening; the tremolo that clouded Dobbs's voice completely in her first duets continued to blemish it much of the time thereafter, and only an occasional phrase—e.g. the one introducing *"Caro nome"*—had the loveliness of a few years ago; and Tozzi's bass had a roughness it didn't have last year. As for Jan Peerce, who was the Duke, his aging tenor surprised one by causing less discomfort to the ear in the last act than in the earlier ones; but I cannot report similar improvement in the appearance and movement that were damaging to dramatic credibility. To make Gilda come to life requires powers of presence and projection which Dobbs doesn't have; to avoid laughable excess in the title role requires restraint which Gobbi didn't always exhibit; but his performance had powerful moments—e.g. his whirling gesture of peremptory dismissal to the courtiers in Act 3.

Any performance of *Rigoletto* at the Metropolitan has the impressiveness of the wonderful Eugene Berman sets for the first three acts. But the first act was the less impressive for the obtrusive clutter of dance invention that Zachary Solow devises in endless and pointless profusion. Fausto Cleva conducted the performance efficiently.

AS IT happens RCA Victor's Camden record, CAL-320, with dubbings of 78-rpm recordings of the great baritone de Luca, offers a performance of the scene of Rigoletto and the courtiers from Act 3 of *Rigoletto;* and for anyone who has been hearing the customary bellowing in this scene de Luca's performance is made unusual, astonishing and exciting by the fact that every note is *sung*, and that the most intense expressiveness and dramatic force are achieved by singing which is done with a vocal and musical style and art that I have heard from only a few singers. Even with the loss in dubbing the voice is beautiful; and it isn't damaged by the artificial echo added to some of the other dubbed recordings.

One of the few singers who have exhibited distinguished style and art in addition to a beautiful voice is Bjoerling. In the years since Caruso's death now this and now that tenor has been declared his successor; but for me the one tenor voice that has stood out among all others in the way Caruso's did—by its distinctive and unique timbre, combined with extraordinary range, flexibility and power—is Bjoerling's; and he has used it with a musical taste Caruso didn't possess. Victor LM-2003 reproduces a number of his performances of operatic arias and German *Lieder* at a recital in Carnegie Hall in September, 1955; and I must report that he is a little breathless in the arias from *Don Giovanni* and *Carmen* and a little too excited in Schubert's *Die Forelle*, and that the voice hasn't all the unique silvery lustre it had. But it has enough to make the *mezza-voce* singing in Strauss's *Traum durch die Daemmerung* earravishing; and it has enough power for a brilliant performance of something like Strauss's *Caecilié*. Best of all—and most remarkable since it is one of the last encores at the end of a taxing concert—is a performance of Foster's *I Dream of Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair* that is made enchanting by the beauty and suppleness of the *mezza-voce* singing and the exquisite phrasing.

LOVELY singing and phrasing by Hilde Gueden are heard in the performances of Mozart arias transferred from two earlier ten-inch records to London LL-1508. And also in the performances of arias by Verdi, Donizetti and Puccini on LL-1322. Most of these also are transferred from earlier ten-inchers; but the *"Caro nome"* and duet *"Tutte le feste"* with Protti sound as though they were taken from London's more recent complete *Rigoletto;* and with the earlier *"Della crudele Isotta"* there is a *"Prendi, per mei sei libero"* that appears to be from the new and very good *L'Elisir d'Amore* in London XLLA-38, which has in addition di Stefano, Corena, Capecchi and the chorus and orchestra of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino under Molinari-Prandelli's direction.

Angel 35379 offers excerpts from the complete *Norma* with Callas, including the beautiful arias *"Casta diva," "Teneri figli"* and *"Deh! non voleli vittime"* and duet *"In mio mano."* Callas' singing is more secure, more beautiful and more dramatically impressive than what I heard at the Metropolitan performance this year; and there is also fine singing by Stignani.

As for Orff's *Die Kluge*, performed well in Angel 3551, it has convinced me that the excitement over Orff's works is an excitement over the emperor's new clothes.

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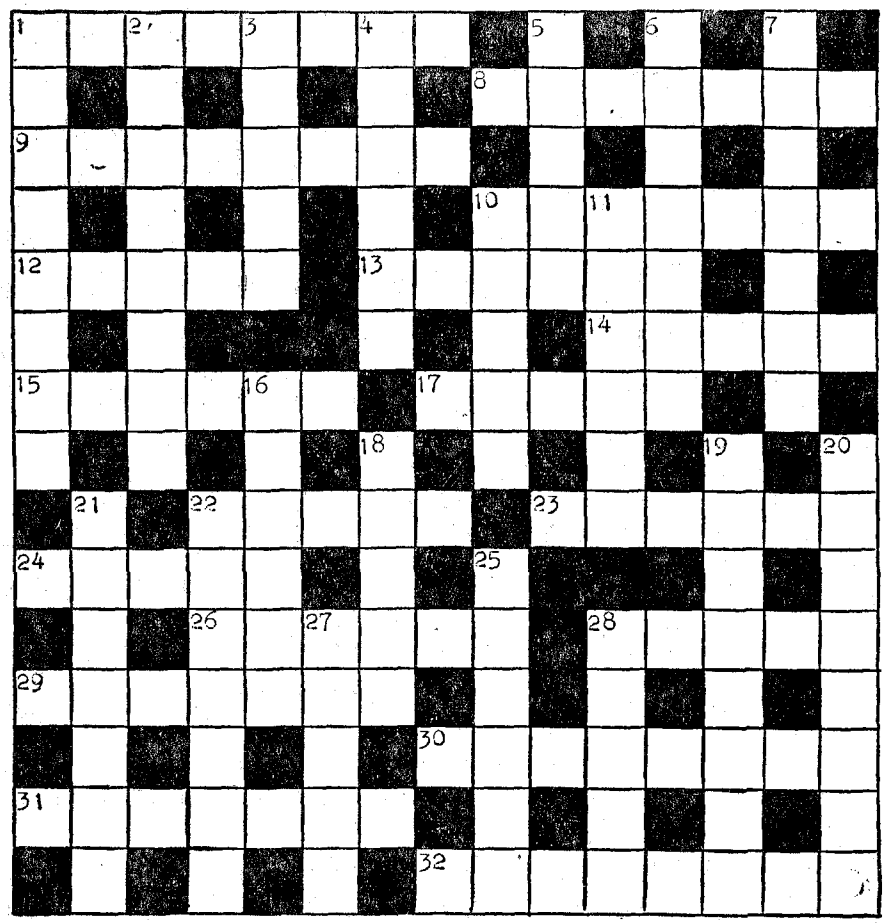
Crossword Puzzle No. 706

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 13 across
8 See 13 across
9 See 5 down
10 The female aspect of pride. (7)
12 Wants to be seen in turn, with a penny in it. (5)
13 1 across and 8 across Certainly doesn't imply universal tenderness! (6, 3, 5, 3, 4)
14 Preacher, but not through power of seizure. (5)
15 Not necessarily implying lack of harmony. (6)
17 An inclination, on the surface. (What might be velvet would show it.) (5)
22 and 21 down Happy-go-lucky spirit might take charge of it. (5-3-4)
23 Applied to the stars of "The Last Rally." (6)
24 Chairs are meant to be like this material. (5)
26 and 16 down "Dear Sir"? (6, 6)
28 Joan's disguised character? (5)
29 It cures jaundice. (7)
30 Vice ain't just doin' nothin'.! (8)
31 Further. (7)
32 Introduces things in your Christmas stocking. (8)

DOWN:

1 One of the band of 28 across. (8)
2 Private coteries. (8)
3 Has to be taken in court, perhaps. (5)
4 Could unite with another of like origin, and in France is up to the competition. (6)
5 and 9 across Tired with fun? Eventually! (3, 2, 4, 4)
6 Deliberation together. (7)
7 Suffering in the main? (7)
10 Flourished when 12 across got his come-uppance. (5)
11 Man alive, how she does eat! (6)
16 See 26 across
18 Coins, sometimes held in the mouth. (5)
19 Perhaps a quiet red, or a sort of blue. (8)
20 Moving parts, but one might be better if heavy. (8)
21 See 22 across
22 A mad, mad mile, with no satisfactory conclusion. (7)
25 They contain quite a bit of the sort of ore that has dots. (6)
27 Clusters. (5)
28 A boy's game? Usually not. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 705

ACROSS: 1 SOBERING; 5 ARCHER; 9 RONDEAU; 10 GESTURE; 11 GLAZIER; 12 ELOPING; 13 HIGHLAND FLING; 15 DECOMPOSITION; 21 EMOTION; 22 HOME RUN; 23 EJECTOR; 24 INROADS; 25 TRAINS; 26 REFEREED. DOWN: 1 SHRUGS; 2 BENEATH; 3 REELING; 4 NEUTRAL CORNER; 6 RUSH OFF; 7 HOUDINI; 8 REENGAGE; 10 GREENWICH TIME; 14 ADHERENT; 16 CHOLERA; 17 MOISTEN; 18 IMMERSE; 19 NARRATE; 20 UNUSED.

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What George Bernard Shaw Had to Say About THE NATION

It is certainly curious that so outspoken a journal as The Nation *should have survived for sixty years in a country where Truth is tarred and feathered, lynched, imprisoned, clubbed, and expatriated as undesirable three times a week or so. The only encouragement I can offer you is that sixty has a better chance of reaching seventy than fifty of reaching sixty. I have been through both myself; and I* know.

G. Bernard Shaw. 12/5/25.

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